

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ENGINEERING SOCIETY

APRIL 7, 1983



JIGSAW PUZZLE

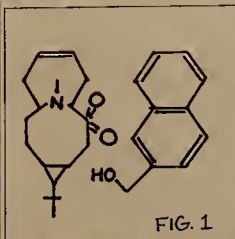
Rumour has it that people *other* than Engineers have taken to reading the *ToiKE* lately. This issue has been specially designed to separate the *real* people (read—engineers) from the riff-raff. As you may have already guessed, segments of this paper are in the wrong places. Your job is to cut on the dotted lines and put it back together correctly. For those of you requiring assistance (i.e. the riff-raff), instructions on the use of scissors can be found on page 9. Good luck.

New Fad Sweeps Campus

dards, citing as an example the requirement that all male students be certified impotent. "The tension and frustration amongst the female population on campus is frightening," one woman student declared. "Even the profs and sheep are starting to look pretty good." An official with the admissions office responded by noting, "Most male students applying to York have very little difficulty meeting our requirements—we don't ask for much. Besides, they're just meal-tickets to us."

At a news conference attended by reporters from the North York Mirror, the Varsity and the York campus paper, the Bawdy Politic, the York student president was asked repeatedly if the code was truly necessary, he explained, "Most of the girls here at York are majoring in Family Studies, working towards their MRS. They're all looking for men. Heaven knows why they keep bothering us! Even though they are aware that we have nothing to offer, they just won't leave us to ourselves. With the coming of the warmer weather they have become increasingly desperate. Just last week a group of women sociology students stormed into our all-male advanced pottery class and made enormous phalli out of our clay. Darned phalli girls, all we could do was round up the male freshmen and get the heck out of there! Who knows

Until recently, many of the unusual coupling reactions were assumed to occur only in the dark, making observation of the progress of the reaction difficult. In fact, the reaction was usually surmised from the end product. In recent years, however, more of these reactions have been observed to occur in the light as well, and several have been well documented.



The conditions necessary to promote these reactions are quite important. Many catalysts have been reported to facilitate the coupling. It has been our experience that these materials actually act more as initiators than as catalysts since they are usually consumed prior to the commencement of the reaction.

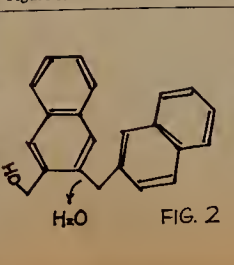
Of the many initiators tried in the laboratory, the most successful has been aqueous ethanol. A recent report indicates that tetrahydrocannabinol may be equally effective. Initiator concentration is usually quite low, on the order of 0.00025 M ethanol based upon the weight of the reactant.

INQUISITIVE PEEPER

The most vociferous of all Eng Sci's, the Peeper possesses a persistent, often incoherent cry that can be heard repeatedly in most lectures. While relatively few in number, these creatures seem intent on making their presence felt, and become quite irksome to peers and profs alike.

The reaction is usually carried out on a solid support. An inert or slightly reactive substrate is preferred. An overly reactive substrate hinders the progress of the reaction. Some investigators have reported using an aqueous medium. Although interesting, this method is often unsuccessful due to the greater difficulty of the experiment.

The choice of the reactant species is quite important. Most oppositely charged materials, even when activated by initiator, prefer to couple in the usual position. This is shown in Figure 1.



SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

Often difficult to recognize is an engineering scientist, this creature has a strange notion of combining some kind of social life with an education in Eng Sci, and can have many noble human traits. These demi-human Eng Sci's can only be observed in first year, as they undergo a metamorphosis over Christ-



PROCRASTINUS CRAMMEN

A nocturnal animal, the Crammen seems to thrive on the unlikely combination of large amounts of alcohol alternated with equal proportions of amphetamines. They are very social animals, characterized by their high degree of co-operation. These Eng Sci's have perfected an extremely efficient procedure for cloning, and apply the technique to problem sets and assignments whenever possible.

Many and varied coupling reactions are now under intensive study, both in this country and in San Francisco.

While never quite attaining the academic heights achieved by other more dedicated Eng Sci's, the Crammen exhibits a very strong instinct for survival, and numbers rather high among fourth year classes.

April 7, 1983

Dear Carlos

Words of wisdom for teens and other people with problems.

NOTE: Carlos is of no relation to the Cuban Arab terrorist of the same name.

Dear Carlos,

Last summer, our four year old daughter was mauled to death by our neighbour's dog. Unfortunately, the pooch had to be put to sleep and, naturally, our neighbours became quite upset and even stopped talking to us. We've offered our condolences, but nothing we do seems to have any effect. Carlos, it's a shame to break up a beautiful friendship over a puppy's death, and besides, Harry and I always loved Rocco. Carlos, my question is, would a \$25 gift certificate from Pro Hardware ease their pain and rekindle our friendship?

It's All Our Fault

Dear Fault,

I can think of no better way to say you care. You are truly kind, generous people. I think your neighbours should be thankful that Rocco saw fit to maul the daughter of such an understanding, sympathetic couple.

Dear Carlos,

Just how many innocent people have you killed, you murderous vampire, you shameless butcher, you blood-thirsty parasite from Hell?

A Concerned Citizen

Dear Concerned,

Fuck off.

Confidential to 36-24-33:

I believe I can help you, even though it will be tough. Please come to my office after 8:00 P.M. and we will discuss your father's drinking, or whatever.

J*IKE

A man was at a party at his friend's new condo. All of a sudden, he knew it was time, so he found his friend and said, "Hey Frank, where's the toilet? Quick!"

"Oh, it's just down the hall to the right, then through a door on the left, and then through a door on the right."

Well, Al was pissed but he found the door to the washroom and opened it.

"Oh wow! A golden toilet! This is really something," he said. Then he did his chore and went back to the party.

The next morning, he had a hangover but remembered the toilet. He wanted one just like it so he went back to Frank's. He didn't recall the address so he just knocked on doors.

"Hi. Are you the guy with the golden toilet?"

"Take off jerk."

Slam.

Next condo - "Hey, do you have a golden toilet?"

"Go to hell."

Slam.

Next condo - "Are you the guy with a golden toilet?"

"Hey Charlie! I think we found the guy who shit in your tuba!"

What do you call a bra with a piece of cheese in it?

A booby trap.

My Dinner with Andy

Locale: Gay Sushi bar "Catch-22" on lower-east side of Manhattan.

Andy Warhol is twirling his maraschino impatiently as he furiously gazes at his new Rolex Quartz.

Waylon, a waiter, festively breezes in.

Way: (condescendingly) Dining 'au seul' this evening, Mr. Warhol? AW: Au contraire, you insipid leech. Go get me another avocado daquiri and bring a pitcher of saki. Mag will be here presently.

Way: I hear she's in town to kibbitz with Jihan Sadat for the May Vanity Fair.

AW: I can already see the sparks flying. Bet she'll get the Nobel for it, or is that just for scientists?

Waylon leaves.

Margaret Trudeau walks in wearing a Norma Kamali-Hell's Angels joint-venture.

AW: Luv the ensemble!

MT: Just say the word dear, and it's yours.

AW: What, and make Bianca jealous? I still haven't returned her Joan Crawford outfit.

MT: (takes a photograph out of her purse and hands it to Andy) I just took this portrait of the kids. What do you think?

AW: Gorgeous frame.

A Canadian Hockey player named Wayne Gretzky enters.

AW: (proudly) Wayne, (motions to Margaret) Have the two of you ever had the pleasure?

WG: (blushes) No. We've never even met before.

(Silence, then he begins to giggle like a school boy who was held back in the third grade.) Did ya hear the one that Maggie Trudeau is such a tramp you could get Herpes just by her blowin' ya a kiss?

There is a dead silence. The waiter plops a 7-up in front of him.

Waylon: Drink this, kid. Now listen to this one. Why don't Mormons make love standing up? Because they're afraid it may lead to dancing.

Everyone with the exception of Wayne Gretzky is in hysterics.

Amidst the laughter, Gwendolynne Gurley Buttox, the former English chambermaid, who for her remarkable candor, recently garnered recognition among literary circles as she divulged the truth about the death of playwright Tennessee Williams. Wayne gallantly rises to kiss her hand.

GB: (outraged) 'ere, what you think you're doin' ya bleedin' sod!

WG: (blushes and nervously retakes his seat)

AW: I adored A Streetcar with No Name; I find the title so hauntingly irrelevant.

GB: (proudly) Yah!

MT: Haven't yet bothered to read the trash dear; but do tell us how the ole boy kicked.

GB: (taking out five autographed copies) Just 'appens I brought myself a book for the each of you. (passes them around)

Margaret quietly disposes of hers in a nearby open flame.

MT: Do read us an excerpt from it, hon.

GB: (clerically) Kindly turn yourselves to page 492, first verse, line one.

She reads aloud, giving a performance almost.

"Me Virginal Days": I was but only three years old, but like any young woman of me age, I was developin' that funny feelin' down in me privates...

MT: (agrilly) Get to his bloody death.

GB: (offended) Well, alright then. Will you all kindly turn yourselves to the last page.

I was but only on me coffee break when I 'ear this gasping like noise. So I thought for a while, then I immediately decided that I should consider making headway for the room from which it

cut here

Pro-Cuke Backlash

The results of a survey conducted by the University of Toronto Society for the promotion of Using The Widest Cucumbers have finally been released. A questionnaire entitled "Are cucumbers better than men?" was sent to female university students across Canada when it was realized that male inadequacies are becoming a matter of national concern. The return of over 96% of the surveys mailed out indicates the true seriousness of the situation on university campuses.

Ninety-nine percent of the women enrolled in Arts and Science faculties across Canada agree that cucumbers are a vast improvement over male artsies (read—wimps). The most frequently cited reasons for this were that cucumbers aren't into meaningful discussions and they won't leave you for another woman, man, or cucumber. An

overwhelming majority of the female Arts students also like the fact that cucumbers won't ask "Am I the first?" and won't make you wear kinky clothes or go to bed with your boots on. Sixty-nine percent agreed that cucumbers are, in general, more reliable than art-smen because cucumbers can stay up all night. Other advantages of cucumbers which were uncovered by the survey: they won't tell other cucumbers that you're not a virgin anymore and they won't make a scene because there are other cucumbers in the fridge.

Some replies to the survey were particular to certain faculties. For example, female med students agree that cucumbers are preferable to male med students because cucumbers aren't jealous of your gynecologist and never expect you to have little cucumbers. On the other hand, French studen-

were coming. I bursts open the door and to my delight, who do I see but Tennessee Williams, choking to death on a bed.

Waylon: Was it a queen size bed? My grandmother choked on one of them.

GB: No silly, 'e was lyin' on the bed. It was a nasty glass unicorn, that which done 'im in.

Waylon: (challenging her) I heard he choked on a visine cap.

GB: (once again quite offended, aghast almost) Well, from where I was standin', and considerin' the available light, it looked like a bloomin' unicorn.

Waylon: Whatever you say. (to all) Made up our minds yet darlings?

AW: Nancy is due any minute, but I suppose she wouldn't mind if we commenced without her. We'll all start with sushi.

First lady Nancy Reagan enters the restaurant and wanders aimlessly from table to table.

AW: (watching her) Poor dear is always getting lost. (calling her) Over here, Nance!

As she approaches the table, everyone with the exception of Wayne Gretzky rises to greet her.

AW: (gloating) Oh Nance, if looks could kill, lord hand out the bandaid.

NR: (sternly) Go on, you renovated wimp. Sorry I'm tardy.

Waylon: Well, I say that we move to accept the gal's apology. After all, God knows I know what it's like to be tied up with a queen for a week.

(to Nancy) Drink, Toots?

NR: Oh no, thank you. I've already had my daily quota this morning at Joan Kennedy's cocktail party. That woman really holds back on the ice.

Waylon: No one could accuse you of doing that, sweetie. NR: I've just been at a drug rehabilitation party for El Salvadorean orphans. Would you believe it took the photographer three hours before he could find one that wouldn't clash with my purse.

Waylon: Is your purse bullet-proof like your hair?

AW: (to Waylon) How about the cold fish, you flaming bitch.

NR: (to Margaret) Can I call you Marge?

MT: Why would you?

NR: Well, I was wondering whether you and Perry...

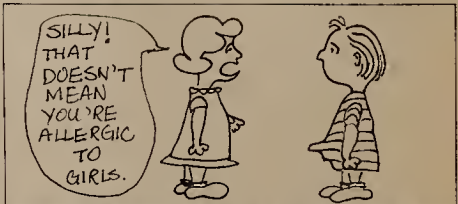
MT: Pierre.

NR: Pierre, pardon. I was wondering whether the two of you were still a "non-item". Because if you are Ronnie and I golf with this great marriage consultant. Would you believe Roy Rogers and Dale Evans slept in separate corrals for seven years until he entered their lives?

Waylon enters with a dazzling array of dishes.

Waylon: (to Nancy) Nancy, I caught your "Different Strokes" cameo the other night. I think it's just grand the way you're fighting for underprivileged kids. Why with your help, in America someday every kid will get \$0,000 dollars an episode.

AW: (looks at his watch) My, how time flies when you're wasting it. I've really got to go, kids. You know the "Bonjour Crois-



ts claimed that cucumbers don't leave whisker burns.

The response of females enrolled in Physical Education clearly indicates the general uselessness of jocks. More and more claim to be turning to cucumbers because they won't tell you that size doesn't count (evidently, jocks lack more than brain muscle), and you don't have to wait until half-time to talk to your cucumber. Cucumbers are also much easier to pick up because they don't spend most of their lives in front of a mirror.

Women studying engineering appear not to be quite as disgruntled as other female university students across Canada. According to their responses to the survey, it is possible to find a real man (or close approximation) in an engineering faculty if you look carefully (and stay away from Eng Sci types). Unfortunately, this species remains quite rare; therefore, cucumbers are still viewed as viable alternatives. After 32 hours of classes a week, female engineering students appreciate being able

to go to a movie with a cucumber and actually see the movie, or at a drive-in, being able to stay in the front seat, because a cucumber can always wait until you get home. (This response reveals a lack of finesse on the part of many male engineering students.) Femeng also appreciates the fact that cucumbers won't leave dirty shorts on the floor (like most sloppy engineers) and they won't leave you wondering for a month (no fertility problems in this faculty, appar-ently). Ninety-eight percent of the women surveyed also express a preference for cucumbers which don't eat all your food or drink all your beer. The overwhelming response to this survey made it possible to unveil the reasons behind the present Canadian campus cucumber craze. As 97% of the female engineering students stated, the average cucumber is 6" long and stays hard for a week, and you can always have as many cucumbers as you can handle. Studies are presently underway to unearth scientific evidence which will substantiate the women's

Sex Code: York Boys Playing With It

Editors

Barry Levine
Mary Svazic



Contributors

Doug Michaelides
Mark Lenarczyk
Andy Rechtshaffen
Jean Wu
Joe Chaing
Tony Kasper
Lena Kim
Liz Pellegrini
'Buck Rebut'
Anonymous

what disgusting things they might have done if we had stayed! It's obvious that we need protection. We mustn't take this lying down."

At U of T, in an unprecedented show of goodwill towards their uptown rivals, offers of assistance from Skulemen have poured into

the Eng Soc offices. New president Ron McKenzie, when informed of the situation at York, generously offered to provide assistance.

"Well...if they're really having problems I guess we could send them a couple of Flroh, whadda ya say, big guy?"



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A FIRST EXPERIENCE

The sky was clear, the moon was high,
We were alone, just she and I.
Her hair was black, her eyes were
blue,
She knew just what I wanted to do.
Her face was good, her body fine,
I ran my fingers down her spine.
So with courage I did my best,
I put my hand upon her breast.
I trembled with shock, I felt her heart,
Slowly, I spread her legs apart.
I knew she was ready; I didn't know
how;
It was my first experience, at milking a
cow!

(From the Diary of Joe.E.Skule)

RETIREMENT CERTIFICATE

MY NOOKIE DAYS ARE OVER,
MY PILOT LIGHT IS OUT,
WHAT USED TO BE MY SEX APPEAL
IS NOW MY WATER SPOUT.
TIME WAS WHEN OF ITS OWN ACCORD
FROM MY TROUSERS IT WOULD SPRING,
BUT NOW I HAVE A FULL TIME JOB
TO FIND THE BLASTED THING.
IT USED TO BE EMBARRASING
THE WAY IT WOULD BEHAVE,
FOR EVERY SINGLE MORNING
IT WOULD STAND AND WATCH ME SHAVE,
AS OLD AGE APPROACHES
IT SURE GIVES ME THE BLUES
TO SEE IT HANG ITS WITHERED HEAD
AND WATCH ME TIE MY SHOES.

cut here

Canadianize



Into the Promised Land

While hitchhiking along the New Jersey Turnpike, the Toike caught up with a rock and roll archetype, Bruce Springsteen. This rock icon invited your humble correspondent to drive in his '57 Chevy through the night on Springsteen's search for America. The journey through America's heartland took us past dark backstreets, desolate wastelands, and all night truckstops. The thoughtful, subdued singer/songwriter reflected on his career and touched on a few of his plans for progression as an artist.

Toike:How do you account for your tremendous energy on stage?
Springsteen:Food
Toike:Do you eat a lot on the road?
Springsteen:Oh yeah. Well, you know on the road, it's kind of like a spiritual, mystical type of thing which make you want to eat. Doesn't matter what it is, Ho Ho's, Cheeseballs, you need sustenance. Hell, I eat twice my weight in Taco chips every two days. That can get a little starby, so I pop a few beans on a fairly regular basis. Nothing like healthy food you know.
Toike:Are you into the holistic food movement?
Springsteen:Yeah, I'm into all aspects of a healthy lifestyle. *Hungry Heart* wasn't about love and romance, it was dedicated to Weight Watchers. I've been speaking with Richard and we—
Toike:Richard?

Toike:Other than health food, do you have any other new interests?
Springsteen:Politics. That's where it's at in the eighties. People used to think the whole thing was bogus, but now politics are alright.
Toike:How do you plan on disseminating your new-found political philosophy?
Springsteen:I spoke with my dad about this and he said, "Bruce, reach the people with your music." You know, parents are really cool, and we should all talk to them more often. When was the last time you spoke to your Dad?
Toike:Yesterday, but—
Springsteen:I don't mean yesterday. I mean really talked. Like about baseball, pizza in a cup, cars, where to pick up girls, lubricating gels, that type of stuff. When was the last time you really talked to your Dad?
Toike:Three years ago.
Springsteen:Too bad. You should talk to him more often.
Toike:Doesn't this politicization of your music represent a significant departure for you?
Springsteen:No. Actually, it all began with my performance in *No Nukes*—that was the tip of my political sensibilities. All these songs about cars, sex, and crazy girls like Mary and Wendy, dump them. Forget about those tunes. They're going down the toilet next album. Hegel, class struggle, Marxist dialectics, anyone can write that stuff, not just the Clash or



Springsteen:Bull shit. I love chicks...er, girls. Those feminists are just being ignorant. Do you want to talk about something else?
Toike:O.K. I heard from people close to you that you don't like being called the Boss. Is that true?
Springsteen:Who fed you that pack of lies? That's pure, unadulterated bull shit. Come on, tell me. Which one of the bozos in the band fed you that? Was it Clarence? I'll bet it was Clarence. I'm gonna get his ass for this. Of course I'm the fucking Boss. I pay the bills. I write the songs. Without me the E-Street band would be playing sleazy bump and grinds just off I-95. There's one cardinal rule I subscribe to—I'm number one. I'm the Boss.

Springsteen:Not a great deal. We feel that my next offering is a logical progression from *Nebraska*. Me and a drum machine. Nothing fancy, no expensive trappings. Just me and my beat box. I'll be decked out in leathers and gang colours, just rapping to the electro-beat. Let's face it, I know that I can't sing that well. Do you think I'm immune to the critics who compare my singing to a wailing buffalo in heat. No, no. No more shit. With rap, it's just me and my machine. I don't have to be on tune. I don't have to carry a melody. It'll be just like a normal concert. Besides, my electro-beat machine, unlike some overrated bar monkeys, who occasionally share a stage with me, don't demand solos, have no charisma, don't steal the show, don't talk back and most importantly, won't pick up my groupies.

ever.
Being able to do this properly is the hardest part of making a newspaper. Do you have any idea of how difficult it is to get all these letters lined up so well? And look how good I did it! Boy, I think I'll get a job with the Varsity.
Perception of the world is actually enhanced by the use of pot. The price of tea in China has recently fallen to \$2.75 per kilogram, but the leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party is still a big question. As I was saying, um...What the hell was I talking about? Oh yes, I believe it was about the effects of smoking pot.
Summarizing, one can clearly see that smoking marijuana has no effect on human performance, and it can be concluded that the U of T research team was correct. Next year, the researchers will attempt to determine the effects of the mysterious Simcoe Hall Hallucinogen, which, unlike marijuana, is suspected of causing drastic effects on human performance.

cut here		ALCOHOL	QUAALUDE	COCAINE
cut here	FANTASY WHEN TAKEN ALONE	You're a great guy. You're a real funny guy. And an extremely tough guy. Tough and studly. And you're having a hell of a good time.	Your cock is about the size of an atomic cannon, and the girls know it. You don't have to tell them, have to tell them because you can't.	(You're really excited.) You've got an enormous amount to say. Everyone likes you, including the girls. You may fuck one, later on.
	MARIJUANA	Everything is, like, fucking hilarious. You don't have to, like, say it or that you want to fuck someone, cause, like, everyone knows, and it, like, happens.	It's so fucking, like, insane that your cock is, like, so gargantuan, because which-ever lady you decide to bail for, like, is going to know that the fuck was, like, predestined.	(You're rapping and rapping, even though you, like, know exactly what everyone else is going to say.) But it's so incredibly funny that when it, like, happens it's, like, experiential.
	COUGH SYRUP	You're in a perfect state of well-being (no pain). Your cock is a numb cocktail frank. dreamy images flash behind your eyes, like tiny mariachis and black dogs licking your shoes.	You're a profound miracle of evolution and anesthesia. You'd like to beat someone up but dread the sudden noise of the punches.	(You're desperate to talk about how euphoric you are, but it's too much effort, so you have several thousand dreams about flowers with your eyes rolled back in your head.)
	HEROIN	Finally, you're in the ultimately perfect state of well-being. Nobody minds the spot on your upper lip—everyone appreciates where you're at.	You're a sniffling, itching herdess. The girls dig your tracks and like it when you projectile vomit and cough up bilious chunks all over them.	(The snort's pouring out like a garden hose now. New energy abounds. Energy to leave the apartment for a while, maybe even score some more and die.)
	ETHER	Nothing matters. (An eyetooth juts through your split upper lip and you've stepped on a steak knife. Fuck it. So what.)	You don't know who you are. You swing at someone. Your momentum carries the bridge of your nose into a radiator.	(You feel a slight twinge in the back of your medulla, then collapse and lay there with your mouth open, all wrinkled and dirty.) Things couldn't be better.
	HALLUCINOGEN	You want everything for yourself. You're quite the executive type. Now sit down at your desk and try to act like an administrator.	You're having a hell of a time. You're so drunk that you forget what you're here for. Students? Who the fuck are they?	Cut the library services budget by \$426,000. Hell, you're so laid back, you figure no one will care, if they even notice.

April 7, 1983

Artsieland

Artsies make the best astronauts—they took up space in school.

A pimple on an Artsie's ass is a brain tumor.

Artsie mothers are strong and broad-shouldered from raising dumbbells.

A level-headed Artsie is one who has shit coming out of both ears.

It takes five Artsies to make popcorn—one to hold the kettle and four to shake the stove.

When a man was invited to a party he said he had a case of diarrhea. The caller said, "Bring it along; the Artsies will drink anything."

How about the Artsie who lost his elevator job because he could not learn the route.

How about the Artsie who studied for five days to take a urine test.

The Artsie who didn't believe in flying saucers until he goosed the waitress.

And the Artsie in the outhouse who put one leg in each hole and shit his pants.

The Artsie was asked in a political discussion "What would you do with Red China?" He said it would look good on a purple tablecloth.

Doctors don't circumcize Artsies anymore. They were throwing away the best part.

The reason there are no good Artsie golfers is that they don't know their ass from a hole in the ground.

What is a hula hoop? A toothling ring for big mouthed Artsies.

Then there was the female Artsie who thought that Moby Dick was a venereal disease.

In a move apparently inspired by the success of Skule strong man Wayne Levin's campaign for a sexual harassment code, York University's Students' Administrative Council announced today that it will seek to implement similar guidelines. The move by York has prompted a flurry of debate over the merits of the decision.

Asked to comment on the development, outgoing Eng Soc president Wayne Levin responded, "Personally, I don't see any reason at all for a sexual harassment code at York. It isn't necessary the way it is here at U of T. You see, Skulemen ooze sexuality and it has caused real problems in the past. We couldn't keep the doors locked all the time so anyone could just come in off the streets. Women were bound to get into the buildings and when they did it just wasn't safe for the engineers...all hell broke loose. Besides, Physical Plant was getting pissed-off at the mess on the floors all the time. Mind you it wasn't easy for the Skulewomen either, you know. They could hardly walk down the hall without ten or twelve panting artsies rushing out from a washroom. Not that the Skulewomen had any trouble dealing with the scum...it was just annoying being two or three minutes late for every class."

The York announcement came after weeks of rumours indicating serious problems between male and female students there. Several campus women's groups had charged the administration with maintaining unfair admission stan-



EDITORIAL

Here it is. Just when the *Toike* looked as though it had suffered its worst case of apathy yet, it appears once again. The healthy list of contributors indicates that there is a place for the *Toike* here. This sudden resurgence of interest in the *Toike* does not mean that all its troubles are over, though. We must continue to encourage new writers, new artists, new layout staff and new typesetters to become involved in the *Toike*. Only one small step has been conquered so far, that of renewed interest. This issue might not be the greatest thing since sliced bread, but it's certainly a step towards recovery. You will have certainly noticed that there is a theme running through this *Toike* (should I say—dotted lines running through this *Toike*), although it is not a parody, as most theme *Toikes* in the past have been. Hopefully, this will make for a more interesting (i.e. a pain in the ass to read without scissors in hand) paper.

So what happens next? Sometime between the writing of this editorial and publication, next year's editor will be appointed by the Engineering Society Council, and people like myself can get back to doing what we were supposed to be doing. Hopefully, everyone who worked on this issue will continue to contribute next year. After all, the editor's job is *not* to do the whole damn thing him/herself. Whatever the case, work will definitely be done over the summer. We have odd hours in the summer, so submissions can be made by a) sliding an envelope (containing the submission, of course) marked '*Toike Oike*' under our door at room B670 in the Sandford Fleming building, or b) mailing to: *The Toike Oike*, 10 King's College Road, Sandford Fleming B670, University of Toronto, M5S 1A1. The blue campus mail boxes may also be used (outside Simcoe Hall) without postage. Submissions will most certainly be required by early August, but don't leave it until then. If you get a start now, maybe you'll have time to write a few more before then. Remember that photocopies and tear-outs are nice, but they tend to lack originality.

To those of you who submitted articles and do not find them in this issue, don't give up just yet. We actually had *too much* material to fill this *Toike*, but not enough to produce the next size up. So, some of it will appear in September. (p.s. we need more letters to Godiva's Box to make it worthwhile.) And of course there were still the persistent few who submitted stuff that wasn't even fit to print in the *Toike* (imagine that, you say).

To all the writers and production staff, many thanks for your time and effort. It's been a slice.

—B.L.

Coupling Reactions

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Long regarded as a popular pastime among Skulemen, Eng Sci watching is now sweeping the campus. In order to get you started, we have provided the following descriptions of some common species of engineering scientists. But remember, there's no substitute for experience, so get out there and start looking. We're confident that before long, you too will become enraptured with this intriguing hobby, and find it a source of endless hours of fun and entertainment in the years ahead.



YELLOW-BELLIED LAPSUCKER

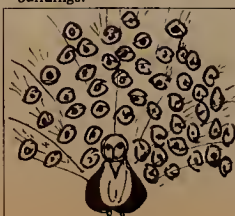
While apparently unadapted to its environment, this disagreeable parasite has developed a unique and effective method of surviving in Engineering Science. Existing primarily on a diet of semen and pubic hairs, the lapsucker is easily identified by protruding calouses on the knees. Forced by its peers to lead a very isolated existence, this creature nonetheless succeeds in all classes not taught by female profs.

NETHERLAND PECKER

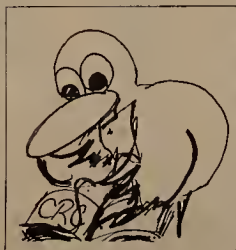
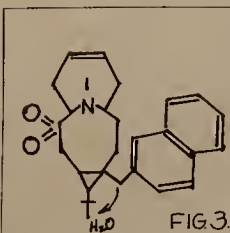
Closely related to the Lapsucker, the Pecker is recognizable by several brown smudges on the facial region. Although not as successful as its more ambitious cousin, the Pecker is favoured equally by male and female profs, and is at times able to maintain some semblance of social acceptance.

SELFUS EGOPHILUS

Generally accustomed to the milder climate of Ontario high schools, this competitive animal does not adapt well to being upstaged. Likened to the peacock in its battles for dominance, the Egophilus will blatantly spread its colours for everyone to see. This species is susceptible to violent mood swings, and is particularly obnoxious around exam time, when it will advise anyone and everyone of its unquestionable prowess. Little is known of the fate of unsuccessful Egophili, but the remains of several have been found beneath subway trains and at the base of tall buildings.



The reaction will proceed over a wide temperature range, but optimum results are obtained at 22°C. If one or both of the reactants are hot prior to mixing, the reaction time is considerably shortened. Likewise, if either of them are very cold, no reaction will occur. Chilling of the initiator, however, appears to have no deleterious effect.



ENGSCI-CLOPEDIA

Perhaps the most well-adapted to the harsh academic environment, this amazing beast seems to thrive on the accumulation of uninteresting data. They are usually well-acquainted with all aspects of math and science before becoming Eng Sci's and feed entirely on differential equations and CRC handbooks. This species is assumed to be a hybrid, as none has ever exhibited any evidence of sexual interest or activity.

mas or the summer, emerging as mechanical or electrical engineers, or, in extreme cases, sociology majors.

KEENUS INBECILIUS

One of the most prominent Eng Sci types, this species tends to inhabit the first few rows of lecture halls. The Keenus can often be spotted sprinting between classes in search of its favourite habitat, and is quite prepared to defend its territory. It is not advisable to approach this elusive species too closely, for any found out of doors for prolonged periods are assumed to be rabid.



OVERLORD OVERLORD OVERLORD

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You ask who is Overlord. Well...as any Frosh should know, he is the all-seeing, all-knowing master of SF1012. Rumour has it that He was once spotted out of sight of a computer terminal, but this cannot be substantiated.

Unfortunately, Overlord is terminally ill. That's right - he has contracted a highly infectious new strain of congenital undefined variable disease called VD-t. The doctors say he is a goner unless they perform a "logoff" amputation in order to prevent the disease from spreading. Looking on the bright side, they say that even though he will lose a part of his operating system, he will gain *enrich* compatibility.

On how he contracted this malady, Overlord revealed that the culprit was a certain DB-69 female interface connector. It seems that he found out too late that he was connected not to the communications port, but to the joystick port. Consequently, he was sent so many sensual passwords that he totally forgot to enter a security shell before logging in.

Overlord, undaunted, maintains that much good will come from his coitus. He is positive that the engineers will have delivered to them within the next nine months a brand new baby Vax.

MORAL OF THE STORY: A little Vax doesn't hurt anybody.

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COMMON DRUGS

THE FANTASIES THEY PRODUCE
ALONE AND IN VARIOUS COMBINATIONS

Springsteen: Richard Simmons. We're going to be ram-rod-ding a video for next Christmas—"The Bruce Springsteen Guide to Being Cool and Fit." It'll be talking about poses, smoking cigarettes, facial expressions, cool things to say and wear, and Richard will be shaping up the flabbies. Cool people are thin, you know...
Toike: And short. Are cool people short too?
Springsteen: Yeah, yeah. Short. That's right, thin and short. There's a lot of potential in the fitness market—so Jane Fonda can suck face.

Gang of Four: Hell, I can write that stuff. I've suffered, I'm from New Jersey. Besides, my manager thinks it's a good career move. Since I've cornered the market on straight ahead rock and roll, I might expand my base of support with rock's didactic movement. Look, for another million dollars in sales it won't kill me to sing about the struggle for oppressed waits in El Salvador. I could collaborate with Paul Simon on that one. It could have a mariachi beat.
Toike: Despite these progressive ideals, some critics say your lyrics are degrading to women.

Toike: What can we look forward to on your next album?
Springsteen: A lot. I've been working with Malcom McLaren, the Pistol's producer, and we're cutting some really hot tracks.

Toike: Will this be an acoustic effort like *Nebraska* or a return to your brand of raucous rock and roll?

Springsteen: Actually, this album represents quite a departure. It's another solo venture, so the E-Streeters will still be on pokey, until I grace them with my presence.

Toike: What changes can we expect with Malcom McLaren as your producer?

Does Marijuana Affect Human Performance?

Recent research (say that 20 times fast) at the University of Toronto seems to indicate that smoking marijuana has absolutely no effect on human performance. This bold new claim was made last week, despite independent research that shows that a multitude of fantasies can be obtained by a wide variety of drugs, when taken alone or in combinations (see chart).

The U of T research was initiated after claims that administrators were smoking marijuana in their newly renovated offices at Simcoe Hall. As it turns out, the results of the research seem to indicate that a) marijuana has no effect on performance, and b) a much more potent, unknown hallucinogen is rampant at Simcoe Hall.

In order to prove the results of the marijuana study, the *Toike* staff has decided to work on this article while smoking the drug. As it will be seen shortly, no noticeable effects can be seen to occur.

As you have probably already noticed, spelling and grammar is unaffected by the use of marywana pot. Sentence structure were impeccably good.

Layout skills are also still good. Notice that *the article* are as strait as

have an ordinary pet—I have a Koala bear—

Toike: A Koala bear—

Springsteen: Yeah, a Koala bear. You know, black and white...fuzzy...sexually frustrated. Olivia Newton John gave it to me.

Toike: How do you know Olivia?

Springsteen: We're shooting a remake of *Grease II*. I play the Travolta character, except this time I get to wear pedal pushers.

Toike: And the bear?

Springsteen: As a present for letting her sing *Let's Get Physical* on my fitness show. Boy, would I like to get physical with her. I even told her. So she gave me the junkie bear. Did you know Koala bears only eat eucalyptus leaves? You know what the active ingredient is in eucalyptus leaves—cocaine. Sometimes, the two of us cuddle up, toot a few lines and think about Olivia. I guess it's kind of romantic.

Toike: One of the great controversies of rock music is determining who has salvaged the careers of more washed up musicians, you or David Bowie. Do you have any thought on that issue?

Springsteen: Boy, that's a tough one. Bowie sunk to new lows with Queen. But my dubious distinction is rescuing Gary U.S. Bonds. Boy, that's a toughie. One of us works with Mott the Hoople and the other with Manfred Mann and nobody can tell the difference. Hell, sometimes I can't even tell their songs apart. I scored the Pointer Sisters, but he has Iggy Pop. Right now, it's a toss up. But my new songs for the Beach Boys and the Dave Clark Five may turn the tide in my favour. Who k nows?

Toike: Do you have any pets?
Springsteen: What type of bogus *17 Magazine* question is that? Of course I got pets. Every good American has pets. I don't just

sant" food chain? Well a friend of mine's opening a similar chain in Paris called "Hello Toast". Mag, don't forget to pick up your garter belt from Sylvia Train's digs. Wayne, let's take a meeting in the distant future. Gwendolynn, I'll look forward to your next artistic endeavor.

GB: Glad you made mention of it. Me next exposé is on a bisexual school-crossing guard, called *Looking Both Ways*.

AW: Nancy, you're almost as down to earth as your press secretary says you like to think you are.

All bid Andy a fond farewell, except Wayne Gretsky, who has suddenly become enthralled with his assortment of swizzle sticks.

A PLAY

There were two little boys elected to be in the school play, each having a small line to recite. One was, "Oh fair maid, I have come to snatch a kiss and fill your soul with hope." The second boy, on hearing this, was to say, "Hark a pistol shot."

The night of the play arrived and two very nervous boys each aware that his parents were in the front row, came upon the stage.

Finally, it was time for the first boy to speak, and being very nervous he said, "Oh fair maid, I have come to kiss your snatch and fill your hole with soap." On hearing this, the second boy, even more upset said, "Hark a histol shot, a pistol shit, a pit shot, a shit pot, a shit slot, a cow shit....bull shit....bollocks, I didn't want to be in the fucking play in the first place."

Vasectomy is all in the bag these days. It has become so popular that hardly a month goes by that some dubious journal, magazine, or newspaper does not have an article about, so there is no reason why the Toike should not have one as well.

The vas defersens makes no difference to anyone but the owner until such time as he decides to have it resected. According to Dr. Phil Anderer, who has had more experience with post-vasectomy problems than most, the difference in the consistency of the vas from surrounding structures is obvious to the be-holder. It stands to reason that the female has more experience than the male in this delicate area.

The most frequent reason given by patients for wanting a vasectomy is that they do not want anymore children by

anyone. The most frequent reason given by wives when consenting to their husbands having the operation is that they want more for less, although none were willing to explain more of what for less of which.

While there is evidence that as much as three quarters or more of the scrotum can be burned or denuded and a whole new scrotum will reform, we have not had any success in recruiting volunteers for this operation. Those who were asked all assumed a rather interesting fetal posture—cupping the scrotum in both hands and chanting the latest song, the "Oo-oo Rock" while rolling rhythmically back and forth, not losing a stroke.

The one-sixteenth of an inch incision made to expose the vas is sufficient for most patients to holler "UNCLE" ("UNCLE" stands for "Under No Con-

ditions Locate Eggs"). The post-op pain has been described as similar to that experienced when getting a baseball pitched at a testicle, or a testicle pitched at a baseball. There is no difference in the pain that results. Here again, objective studies to prove this were impossible, as there were no volunteers to pitch baseballs at. Research has further been hampered in trying to ascertain the libido of vasectomized males vis a vis other vasectomized males, according to Dr. Matt A. Chine, author of "Be Fruitful Without Multiplying", *Journal of Gay Times*, May 1969.

A frequently asked question is "WHAT HAPPENS TO THE SPERM THAT KEEP BEING PRODUCED BY THE TESTES AFTER VASECTOMY". No one really knows, but Dr. Mary Little Lamb's studies indicate that they con-

tinue to wag their tails even years later and after repair and recanalization of the vas.

There is absolutely no truth to the rumour that there are failures in doing this sterilization procedure. To prove this rumour to be false, the wife of one of our patients was interviewed several years post-op. There was some difficulty experienced in locating her and at last report she was living in a house that passersby swore was the shape of a shoe, having moved there only three years ago from a one-bedroom apartment, just after her husband was sterilized.

One final note. You can always tell a male who has been vasectomized by his behavior. Some say he de-man-ds too much, others that he is de-mented, and some swear that they have become wee men.

THE 23rd QUALM

The T.A. is my mentor, I will not understand;
He maketh me lie down in the pastures of confusion
and leadeth me into troubled waters;
He relearneth my hate of foreign languages:
he leadeth me down the path of hysteria to try to
understand his alien words.

Thou givest irrelevant tests: Thou assaultest me
with thy native tongue till my cup runneth over
in sheer despise;
Yea, though I walk through the lobby of
Sir Sanford Fleming,

I will fear no evil: for thou art with me:
thine incomprehensible explanations and
encouraging shrugs comfort me.

Surely goodness and double secret probation
shall follow me all the days of my life, for I dwell
in the Faculty of Dean Slemmon.

SUPER DIODE

Faster than a speeding electron
More powerful than an electro-motive force
Able to leap tall capacitors with a single boundary
condition
Look, deep in the breakdown region
It's a resistor, it's a transistor
NO! IT'S SUPER-DIODE!
Yes, it's Super-Diode, strange visitor from another
magnetic field
who came to this circuit with powers and abilities
far beyond those of normal diodes
Super-Diode, who can change the course of
mighty current,
bend 10 AWG wire with his bare depletion regions
and who disguised as Clerk Maxwell, average
responding meter for a great metropolitan
fundamentals lab.
fights a never-ending battle for passive sign
convention,
full wave rectification and the Kirchoff Way.

ARTSIE'S HYMN

We are, we are, we are, we are, we are, we are,
we are the artsie queers.
We can't, we can't, we can't, we
can't drink more than half a beer.
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum,
drink rum and we will fall down
dead,
For we don't have guts, like
Engineers, who always come out
ahead.
Godiva was a lady who through
artsie-land did ride.
But nowhere did she see a soul-the
artsmen ran to hide.
And no one paid attention to Godiva
on her horse,
For the artsmen all did fail their
biology bird course.

Said she, "I've come a long, long
way and I could go as far,
But none of these uncultured wimps
can lead me to a bar,"
For in this land the men are weak
and apt to tremble with fear,
Merely at the sight of women, or the
smell of beer.

That Godiva was a lady well-
endowed they did not doubt,
But even as she passed by them, not
an artsie ventured out,
For, well they knew, she could be
made by any Engineer,
While her horse was better suited
for an artsie queer.

So pissed right off, Godiva stopped
and turned her horse about.
"I've had it with you quasi-men.
Quick! Where is the way out?
I'm going back to the Engineers;
they are the ones for me.
You artsies are about as lively as
fungus on a tree!"

Sex Unleashed

Everyone who has a dog
calls him either Rover or Spot.
I called mine "Sex". Now Sex
is a very embarrassing name.
One day I took Sex for a walk
and he ran away from me. I
spent hours looking for the
dog. A cop came over to me
and said, "What are you
doing in this alley at 4:00 in
the morning?" I said, "I'm
looking for Sex."
My case comes up
Thursday.

One day I went to City Hall
to get a dog licence and told
the clerk I would like a licence
for Sex. He said, "I would
like to have one too." Then I
said, "but this is a dog," and
he said he didn't care how she
looked. Then I said, "You
don't understand, I've had Sex
since I was two years old." He
said, "You must have been a
very strong baby."

I told him that when my
wife and I separated, we went

to court to fight for custody
of the dog. I said, "Your
Honour, I had Sex before I
was married," and the judge
said, "Me too." Then I told
him that after I was married,
Sex left me, and he said, "Me
too." When I told him I had
Sex on T.V. he said, "Show
off." I told him that it was a
contest and he told me I
should have sold tickets.

I also told the judge about
the time my wife and I were on
our honeymoon and we took
the dog. When I checked into
the Motel, I told the clerk that
I wanted a room for my wife
and me and a special room
for Sex. The clerk said that
every room in the Motel was
for sex. Then I said, "You
don't understand, Sex keeps
me awake at night," and the
clerk said, "Me too."

I give up. My next dog will
be Rover or Spot.



U of T Victim in ICU

Last night, one of the most
tragic events in U of T history
took place. A 20 year old
engineering student was raped
and is now in serious but stable
condition at the intensive care
unit (ICU) of Toronto General
Hospital.

The attack took place at Fort
Jock which is now under careful
guard. Men throughout the St.
George Campus are now
terrified to walk the streets at
night without female accom-
paniment. Fear that feminist
groups have finally acquired
their equal rights has men
carrying alarm buzzers in their
shorts and adidas bags.

U of T Police are busy put-
ting pieces of this puzzle
together and are working
around the clock on the case.
Many clues were left behind in-
cluding fingerprints on the
several pinch marks on the vic-
tim's body (which caused third
degree burns) and on the 16 oz.
shot put ball which had been
shoved up his ass.

This led to the warrant for
questioning of a Varsity shot
putter and her friend from the
Women's Rowing Team. Of-
ficer John commented, "We
know who they are but we can't
find them. We're going to start
checking weight loss clinics and
beauty parlours. They probably
want to change their appearance
- I've seen their pictures. Why

did they wait this long?"

The victim's identity will be
withheld for his own good but
he was able to describe his two
assailants before going into
shock, "Fuck, they were ugly.
Ugh! The first one sat on my
face and I nearly suffocated.
The second kept snapping her
elastic bra straps at my nuts.
Actually those straps must have
been some very maleable, high
tension metal alloy. I noted that
before the pain got so bad that I
forgot about Mechanical
Engineering and only wondered
whether or not I'd survive to see
another beer."

I consulted an Arts & Science
psychology prof, Dr. A. Shrink,
to get his assessment.
"Well these women must be
very horny and desperate for
some good engineering meat. I
would caution other engineers.
These women must be very
strong to have over-powered an
applied science student."

If found, Bertha Butt and
Elvira Flubb will be charged
with rape, assault, and indecent
exposure. (They probably could
have been charged for indecent
exposure while fully dressed.)
Flubb faces two counts of
assault with a deadly weapon,
namely her shot put ball and her
bra straps. The latter may result
in charges being laid for con-
cealment of a weapon.

Call for Labatt's Blue


cut here

LSD	AMYL NITRATE	FREON
Everything is one. The people in the room aren't there anymore. Just yourself and your blood-engorged head. You might be damaged.	Whatever you are, it isn't living, and you might not come back. (You're an aberrant, drooling social pig, and it's fun.)	You're drooling and wheezing and hemorrhaging and blind and in the epicentre of a screaming molecular tornado. (Maybe you'll die.)
You, like, know you're God, and it's such a fucking joke to, like, be God.	You're mind is, like, squashed and you're permanently damaged. (But you're laughing so hard you don't even notice, and afterwards you forget, but your friends know and, like, tell you.	You're a wheezing, hemorrhaging, blind epicentre of a tornado, and that's, like, your reality. (Just before you vomit blood through your nose.)
You're God. You're smooth and beautiful and everything is cool. Even a universe filled with quivering bee larvae is cool. You're God. The bees can't touch you.	(You're a fevered, contemptible social pig, and you love it, capable of emotion with a fibrillating heart and an EEG of zero. When death approaches, your friends just watch.)	(Total pain. Immediate death. Nothing else.)
You're God for a little while, then night comes and you're a hopeless blob, surrounded by terrifying squealing sounds. You're not God anymore because you're dry heaving.	Your brain swells to three times its normal size. (You beg a friend to pound a nail into your head, but you're dead before the first whack.)	(You go into an instant come and die six months later. About the fourth month you experience a brief impression that a Rototiller is working its way along your nervous system.)
Everything isn't fine anymore. You're aching and spinning and God is eating your feet. Your friends are hovering over you with saws—deadly frienrds, all of them.	(You experience sensations not unlike the black plague. Epidermal bleeding, raging fever. You almost die. Snakes arrive. (Then you die.)	(You're sick; it gets worse; you're dead just like that.)
Watch engineering students smesh a keypunch. Wow, what a trip. How can they do that? It's like, state-of-the-art stuff, man.	Hey, you can really get into this stuff. You want more to screw up. You try to get up but fall flat on your face. Geez, how embarrassing.	You trip down the stairs. Spiat! God, have you made a mess. Gal your fucking act together and run this place like it should be.

cut here

Terrier

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And no calories.

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Imported Terrier.

It is the product of nature, and typical of Ireland, where everything is considered potable.

Terrier. Ayel Ayel



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